

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

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AN IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The January number of the "CHRISTIAN FREEMAN" will begin a new series of papers; so this Journal will be, to some extent, changed, improved, and made of more permanent value. I have to thank four thousand subscribers for a long and faithful attachment to this little serial, and for a host of kind wishes and good words I have received during the last sixteen years. To the many ladies and gentlemen who have helped me by their pens I tender my sincere thanks, and hope the NEW WORK will also have their support. To us all I think it may be said to have been, so far, a work of faith and labour of love; for after the printer, engraver, paper merchant, and publisher have been paid, who have done their work so well, the profits have been equally divided among the readers and the writers, which have been not of a money kind. Still we may all be glad that for sixteen years the paper itself has paid everybody all the claims they had against it, and has ministered at thousands of firesides, I am informed, both instruction and enjoyment, and has brought into our Unitarian fold many a soul that might have been otherwise a wanderer and without any religious home in the world. I know of whole families this day, active and useful members of our community, who are so through the "Christian Freeman."

For a long time I have desired to see among us a handy book of Unitarian history and biography; to the accomplishment of this, with the help of my friends, I now turn my spare time. But not wishing to bring to a close the "Christian Freeman," we shall combine the two, so that the first and last four pages of the new paper, eight columns in all, will be as usual, "Christian Freeman" matter, and form a cover to the twenty-four columns of the "Record of Unitarian Worthies," for the particulars of which I refer to page 183 of this number. I ask your kind service to help the "Record" to a large circulation. For the present it will be monthly, by and by fortnightly.—Yours,

ROBERT SPEARS.

MERRY CHRISTMAS-TIME.

We rejoice, not only with the little ones, but with the children of a larger growth, at the return of merry Christmas-time, with its beauties and blessings. May we not look back through the centuries and re-learn the lessons which the Christmas carols of the ages whisper in our ears to inspire our lives to higher and nobler issues? All the way down through the ages comes the music and melody, the charm and inspiration of that new song, "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men," that thrilled the hearts of Judea's shepherds, and was wafted on the breeze to the homes of the poor and lowly. Then no event could have appeared of less importance than the birth of Christ. There was no room at the public inn for the babe, and the beginning of that life, destined to move and mould the lives of millions of human beings, was in a strange land and among strangers. Yet, after a strange and marvellous fashion, a new spiritual power was ushered into the world. It brought a living, active, spiritual agency to bear upon the higher and better life of the coming centuries, and it has formed the bond of union between the old and new. We cannot, if we would, separate ourselves from the past. The famous deeds and glorious memories of the retreating ages quicken and move the living present. As citizens we are richer in high and noble thoughts; as Christians we cherish and cling to the hope of the immortal life brought more clearly to light though his ministry of love and faithfulness to his Father's work.

Christmas is the one festival when even religious people may hang up their long and solemn faces, and mingle the spontaneous joyousness of their lives with divine sanctities. O that it could be

Christmas-time with them always! Shall not everybody take home with him to-night some blessing, some gladness, some sweetness, that shall help others to forget care and toil? Shall not the promise of the coming festivities drive all moodiness and selfishness away, so that the highest human gladness shall blend with the sincerest thanksgiving for the coming of him whose birth we celebrate, and whose life was a perpetual prophecy of the good time coming? Should not our happiest thoughts blend with our most sacred memories, and if on Christmas Day it be lawful to celebrate the morning with prayer and the evening with the most enlivening and inspiring mirth, may it not suggest that the more purity and nobleness we incorporate into our lives the greater shall be our gladness and joyousness, and that the true Christian is he who so lives that every day the freedom of Christmas-time shall be his to enjoy?

Our friend, or enemy, if one of the latter we have on earth, we wish you a merry Christmas. We should love to know that you are happy and thankful, blessed and blessing. If, in your battle with the world to-day, anything has occurred to disturb the harmony of your life, before you enter your home drive away the ugly fiend, and greet those whose happiness should be measured by yours in the spirit of the merry Christmas eve, and the little darlings on your knee and the good angel by your side shall join with you in the glad welcome of the morrow.

Forget not the gift, be it ever so small. Do not plead that you are too poor to make the little heart leap and the bright eyes dance, by the bestowal of something unusual. Deny yourself anything, but not the family or the dear friend the Christmas gift.

With the birth of Christ came this day of festival and mirth, also the new spirit of kindly regard for all of God's human children. Do not underestimate the value and influence of the happiness you can confer. Cannot everybody do some special good on Christmas Day? Does not every one know some bearer of a heavy burden whose weight he can lighten? Does not every one know some one whose Christmas he can make happier? Do not plead want of influence or means. No star ever rose or set without influence somewhere. Who knows what earth needs from earth's

poorest creatures? No life can be pure in its purpose, and strong in its strife, and all the world not be the better and stronger for it. Then pass not by him who struggles to rise above misfortune. Remember the message, "Beloved, I bring you good tidings." You are to carry the "good tidings" into the homes of the poor and friendless. And as you go the "good tidings" shall come to you also, for the giver shall receive the larger blessing.

THE BROAD CREED.

TRUTH is one ;

And in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
No scroll of creed its fulness warps,
We trace it not by school-boy maps ;
Free as the sun and air it is
Of latitudes and boundaries.

* * * * *

Nor doth it lessen what he taught,
Or make the gospel Jesus brought
Less precious, that his lips retold
Some portion of that truth of old ;
Denying not the proven seers,
The tested wisdom of the years ;
Confirming with his own impress
The common law of righteousness.
We search the world for truth ; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul ;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mother read.
And all our treasure of old thought
In his harmonious fulness wrought,
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's sown wheat,
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

Wherever through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice ;
Where love its arms has opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,
I see the same white wings outspread

* * * * *

That hovered o'er the Master's head !
I trace his presence in the blind,
Pathetic gropings of my kind—
In prayers for sin and sorrow wrung,
In cradle-hymns of life they sung,
Each, in its measure, but a part
Of the unmeasured Over-Heart ;
And with a stronger faith confess
The greater that it owns the less.
—Whittier's *Miriam*.

FIFTEEN SENSES IN WHICH THE ARTICLES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND ARE SUBSCRIBED.

A FEW weeks ago an eminent American called, and was detailing his experiences and visits to clergymen. One distinguished preacher, he said, had not a little perplexed him, for he had made bold to ask this clergyman if he believed in the doctrine of the Trinity. "Yes," said the eloquent preacher of the Church of England, "I believe in the Trinity in a metaphysical sense." What that meant we cannot profess to know, for the common people who heard the Gospel in times gone by, and who hear it now, make no pretension to metaphysics; and if this be the sense in which this learned man believes it, it is a new sense, and to be added to the many already said to be put on the doctrines of the Church.

Some seventy years ago an author wrote that he had discovered fourteen senses in which the Articles of the Church of England were subscribed; articles devised "*for avoiding of diversities of opinions, and for the establishing of consent touching true religion*;" and yet it appears that the articles are subscribed by them in no less than the following fourteen senses:—

I. In the sense of the imposers of those articles.

II. In the sense of the compilers.

III. In their strict, obvious, and literal sense.

IV. In any sense which the words will bear, consistently with the subscribers' interpretation of Scripture.

V. As articles of peace.

VI. As true in general, and sufficiently so for their intention, though *not true* as to every particular proposition.

VII. As far as they are agreeable to the word of God.

VIII. As far as they are fundamental articles of faith, necessary to salvation.

IX. On the authority of others, believing that others believe them to be true.

X. In any sense which approved doctors of the Church have affixed to them.

XI. As mere forms of admission into office.

XII. In Paley's sense, as originally intended to exclude only three classes of men from the Church, viz., Papists, Puritans, and Anabaptists.

XIII. In the sense of the members of the Church, though different from that expressed in the articles.

XIV. In *no sense*, or as *nonsense*; in which sense the majority perhaps subscribe, alleging that it is well known to those who receive their subscriptions that they know nothing about the articles, or do not believe them, and that, therefore, they deceive nobody.

XV. We are now able to add to the above fourteen senses another, by the Rev. ——— "In a metaphysical sense."

We venture to ask the readers of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN if it is not high time that this woful insincerity that is eating into the heart of the nation be not hastened to its end? Has it not a parallel in the age that preceded the misery and overthrow of the Jewish nation, when the prophet says that the priests felt they had a lie in their right hand? Can we expect good to come of our State with a State Church in this lamentably compromising position? Has it not been openly declared by the Primate of all England that they all subscribe to doctrines that not one of them in a simple and literal sense believe in? Surely it is time that we every one should awake to the perilous position this flagrant violation of truth exposes us to. *Common sense* has been driven away from articles of religious faith, and this has led all those spurious senses to creep into the Church.

PRAYER.

By DR. S. JOHNSON.

STILL raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice;

Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer;
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whatever He gives, He gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthy ruin,
Obedient passions, and a will resigned;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death, kind Nature's signal of retreat.

These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordained,
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain.
With these, celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

OUR TEST OF THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER.

By ANDREW P. PEABODY.

A PLAIN farmer thus illustrated the conditions of the religious world :— "When I carry my wheat to market," said he, "my neighbours, some tell me I must go by this road, others by that—some say that I must go by land, others that I must take the canal; and they all talk as if everything depended on my going their way; but, when I get to market they never ask me which way I came, but only whether my wheat is good." It is with the Church on earth as it was with this honest man's neighbours. Great stress is laid on the way, the merely doctrinal and ritual way, in which men walk to Heaven. Every man is showing some little, narrow, walled in by-path of his own as the only true way. But at the journey's end, I apprehend that the only question will be, whether our wheat is good—that all the good wheat, on whatever road it came, will be gathered into the Lord's garner, and the chaff and tares only given over to burning.

This good farmer whom I have quoted was a liberal Christian, and his homely illustration comprises the only creed, the only bond of union of those who bear the name of liberal Christians. We, to be sure, are called Unitarians; and, so far as a common belief in the undivided unity of God goes, we are Unitarians. But we do not consider this appellation as belonging exclusively to ourselves; for among professed Trinitarians there are very many whose definitions and explanations of the Trinity amount to a denial of it, while in our own ranks are some whose doctrinal sentiments are very nearly allied to those of our opponents and denouncers. We do not pretend to any degree of uniformity of faith. We differ widely among ourselves in matters of speculation. We have no party Shibboleth. But we agree in owning good wheat to be good, on whatever road it comes. We agree in making fidelity in duty, not accuracy of belief, our test of the Christian character. And it is on this point chiefly that we regard ourselves as differing from our fellow Christians. They lay a stress, which we do not, on creeds and forms.

They cannot own the heart to be right when they think the head wrong.

We Unitarians are accused of utter indifference on the subject of faith—of maintaining that it is no matter what a man believes. This is by no means the case. All truth is sanctifying; and the more correct our faith the firmer will be our principles of duty. But we regard no particular doctrine or set of doctrines as essential. Yet there is one essential, and that is an honest mind—a mind faithful in its search after truth, fearless in following the guidance of reason and inspiration, true to its own convictions. He who is afraid to investigate, or too indolent to inquire into the deep things of God, or too much the slave of public opinion to receive the dawns of new light, lacks this great essential; and even were his creed perfectly sound, he would hold the truth in unrighteousness, and it would be counted to him as error. He, on the other hand, who has honestly used his powers of research and means of knowledge, who has sought the truth to the best of his ability, need not fear that he has embraced any fatal error, but may hope with unwavering confidence for final salvation, if he be only diligent in duty and fervent in spirit.

My object is to show you that, in judging of our own religious characters, and those of our brethren, the chief stress should be laid, not on modes of faith, but on the frame of heart and the habits of life.

I first remark that, with regard to modes of faith, the Bible and the Church are entirely at issue. This Church has its five points, that, its thirty-nine articles :—Here there is a creed full of dark subtleties, there a covenant by which a man enters into a contract with his Maker to believe an indigestible mass of the metaphysics of the dark ages. And these standards are made a Procrustes' bed, to which every mind, great or small, must adapt its dimensions or forego admission to Heaven. But what says the Bible?—a word of all this? By no means. One of the first things that strikes us on turning over its pages is the strictly practical character of its requisitions. It is the least technical book in the world. It makes no attempt at giving a system of theology. The longest creed

that it contains is, that Jesus is God's anointed. Its precepts of duty, its motives to holiness, occupy the foreground, while for doctrinal subtleties recourse must be had to dim and doubtful inference. Its promises are not to the expounders of dark sentences, to those who know all mysteries and have all faith; but to the pure in heart, the poor in spirit, the merciful, the peacemakers, those who do the will of God. Nor among all the warnings against perdition of which the holy word is full is honest misbelief once spoken of as one of the shoals on which we are liable to make a shipwreck of our salvation. Now the Bible is not the faithful chart of the heavenward voyage that it pretends to be, if this shoal lies on the way without being marked down. If honest error could bar a man out of heaven, I know that God would have told us so, and not left us to find it out for the first time at the judgment seat of Christ.

Another reason for believing that no particular mode of faith can be essential to salvation lies in the very nature of faith. Faith is involuntary. We cannot believe what we will, but only what we see evidence for. We irresistibly yield our assent to the preponderance of argument, and often find ourselves forced to believe what we had rather not find true. I cannot help believing as I do. My neighbour, who denounces my faith, cannot help believing as he does. We have both of us diligently sought for the truth, searched the Scriptures, weighed opposing views and arguments, and have in some respects reached opposite results. Our wills have been equally good. We are equally sincere. We have done all we could to believe right. And is it possible that he will be rewarded and I punished eternally, for having involuntarily arrived at contrary conclusions? This is making our future happiness or misery to depend, not on our holiness or guilt, but on our mere good or ill fortune. If God had designed that our final destiny should turn solely on our skill in interpreting the Bible, that holy book would have been so penned as to leave no room for involuntary and honest error. As it now stands, giving fair ground for different inquiries with equal sincerity to put opposite interpretations upon its records, if the

accuracy of a man's interpretations is to fix his fate for eternity, the Bible, so far from being a display of God's mercy, is a cruel gift, a fatal treasure, a tyrant's bribe to ruin.

* * * * *

I would yet further infer that peculiar modes of faith are unessential from the very nature of the points in controversy. They have no *direct* reference to practice, no necessary bearing upon the heart and conduct. There is a virtual agreement in all that pertains to the motives, duties, and rewards of the Christian life. Persons of opposite theories cherish the same practical views, the same sentiments of devotion, the same principles of piety.

And when we take a survey of the Christian world we must look with thoroughly jaundiced eyes, unless we can trace, under every variety of form and creed, those who fear God and work righteousness. When we mentally call over the roll of Christ's elect, the names of Catholics and Protestants, Lutherans and Calvinists, Trinitarians and Unitarians come up side by side. Every sect has given God fervent worshippers, man faithful servants, truth and virtue noble and fearless champions, piety stainless and glowing exemplars. Every sect has had its peacemakers and its martyrs, its holy in life, its resigned in sorrow, its happy and triumphant in death. And we cannot but trust that from each and all God has been making up his jewels, and that the pious sectarian will embrace with rapture at the portals of heaven hosts of his God-serving fellow-pilgrims, whom, less in anger than in sorrow, he had here ignorantly and rashly consigned to perdition. And if good men are thus to meet in heaven, why cannot they so meet on earth? So long as modes of faith are made the test of character there can be no union. Let all who do their Father's will be regarded as heirs of the kingdom, then will the Church on earth become one family, as are the saints above. Thus may the Catholic with his pompous ritual, and the Quaker in his primitive simplicity, thus may he who numbers a hundred articles in his creed, and he who is strong in the simple faith that Jesus is the Christ, thus may men of every nation, clime, and tongue, be united in one holy brotherhood. Nor is this brotherhood confined to the Church. Jesus has sheep who are not of his fold. If in

any heathen land there be one who has turned away from fraud and violence, who has done justice and loved mercy and walked humbly before the God whom he has heard in the evening breeze, or beheld in the glow of nature, or felt in the deep workings of his own spirit, he has done the will of his Father in heaven, and belongs to the Christian family. If there be a Jew, who with contrite heart mourns for the desolation of Zion, and prays for the peace of Jerusalem, and serves the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, he, too, as a doer of God's will, belongs to the household of the Saviour, whom his brethren set at nought. If faith be the standard, the devout Pagan, the pious Jew are reprobates; but if those who do God's will shall enter his kingdom they are heirs of that kingdom.

LEAVES.

If this were all—

The cradle-couch, the coffin-pall,
And then the end—as leaves to fall,
The gain were small.
But dropping leaves
Reveal the bud that's newly formed,
That, by the Autumn sunshine warmed,
New strength receives.
The covering
Drops off our soul as the leaf doth,
And shows the fruit-bud in its growth,
Waiting for Spring.
The Autumn is
The sister of Spring, and clasps
Her hand 'cross winter's chasm; grasps
The coming bliss.
And so we lie,
With souls that meditate upon
The year to come, the year that's gone,
And wait reply
To questions broad;
While shadows of eternity
Wave across our souls, which see
But dimly God.
The untranslate
Within us stirs; but, strong and wise,
God's hand lies heavy on our eyes;
We feel its weight,
And, powerless,
We lie throughout Winter's cold,
And hide our feelings manifold
In lowliness.
Yet all is right;
The tree that last year blossomed well,
And bore of fruitage branches full,
This year bears light.
And souls, as trees,
Must have their rest, their Winter time,
Hidden beneath its snows and rime,
As snows hide these.
When warm days come,
The buds stir 'neath their covering;
Our thoughts awake; we dream of Spring,
And press for room.

WINTER.

THERE is ice upon the river,
And there's sleet upon the plain,
And, beating on the house-top,
I hear the doleful rain;
The skies are dark and dreary;
The world looks sad and vain;
And the trees' strong branches quiver,
And shudder and writhe in pain.

The night falls dull and cheerless,
No star to pierce the gloom;
A darkness o'er earth broodeth,
Like the darkness of the tomb.
The glowworm shines no longer,
He has yielded to his doom—
Gone with the nights of beauty,
Of music, and perfume.

Alack for the icy season,
That the stream's glad murmur stills,
For the silent, scentless woodlands,
Where his song no wild bird trills!
For the icy desolation,
So many a heart that chills,
And the weight of woe that's added
To the poor man's load of ills!

Ah me! the dismal winter,
With its frost, and sleet, and snow,
And its tempests wildly rushing
With a voice of wail and woe!
It brings me thoughts of sadness,
Sad thoughts of long ago,
Of the glory of earth that's vanished,
And of friends who sleep below.

The winter seems more dismal,
When such as they have fled,
And around us will no longer
The light of their smiles be shed:
The cold earth seems more dreary,
As we think of their lonely bed,
And our hearts, at times, seem mouldering,
With the lonely-lying dead.

Alas! there comes no summer
But leaves us, at its close,
In sorrow for some loved one
Wrapped in the grave's repose;
And not alone o'er nature
Its gloom the winter throws;
There's gloom, in our hearts, too, thinking
Of the loved beneath the snows.

'Tis sad, but wherefore sorrow
With a grief too fixed and deep?
For the flowers will wake with springtime
From their dreamless winter-sleep;
The birds will come with music;
The streams in joy will leap;
And our hearts again with nature
Glad holiday will keep.

And the loved ones who have left us,
We shall see them all once more;
The heavenly spring we long for
Will the lost ones all restore.
We are not for ever parted;
They have only "gone before,"
To a land where comes no winter,
Nor the clouds hang darkly o'er.

"The mighty dead,
"Who blessed mankind and humanised the world."

THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN

AND

Record of Unitarian Worthies and Memorable Events

IN THE

HISTORY OF THE UNITARIAN REFORMATION OF RELIGION

In Europe and America during the last Three Hundred and Fifty Years; with some Account of the most notable Works written by Unitarians.

BIOGRAPHY has always been commended as a valuable means of instruction, especially for young persons. In the sketches I now propose, of over FIVE HUNDRED Unitarian worthies, whose lives have been both eminent and beneficial, my object is that every family may possess at a small expense a very complete compendium of the history of the reformation of religion, graced with all the virtues of exalted character, in these biographical sketches. No church has a muster roll of more distinguished men and women than ours. In every useful walk of life, in every elevating art and labour of love, Unitarians have taken a full share of interest, as the pages of this "RECORD" will show. We owe to them a debt of gratitude that their memories be perpetuated, and their excellences more widely known. The sketches shall be such as not to weary with profuseness of detail; yet shall afford abundant references to more extended accounts. The volume will contain as well a Calendar of interesting Unitarian events. The aim in each number of the "RECORD" will be to make it instructive and interesting; and what the Memoirs lack of arrangement will be supplied by a complete Index in three different forms for reference, one alphabetical, one chronological, and the other on the following plan:—

MARTYRS, or those who have suffered death for Unitarianism:—Servetus, Gentilis, Trevisanus, Van Parris, Hetzer, Rovigo, Sylvanus, Patingham, Legate, Wightman, Dolet, and others.

CONFESSORS, who have suffered fines, imprisonment, and banishment:—Vostitus, Ochinus, Naeranus, Chiari, Best, Emlyn, Biddle, Knowles, Davidis, Curio, Clande, Falconius, &c. &c.

CITIZENS OF MARK:—Admiral Gifford, John Quincy Adams, Viscount Barrington, Dr. Ingersoll, Hopton Haynes, Lord Broughton, Captain Thrush, Josiah Wedgewood, H. C. Robinson, &c. &c.

AUTHORS:—Dr. Lardner, Sir W. Jones, Dr. A. Rees, William Whiston, Dr. Kippis, Thos. Amory, Dr. Aikin, Robt. Robinson, W. Hazlitt, W. H. Prescott, the Follens, N. Hawthorne, &c. &c.

POETS:—Milton, Barbauld, Baillie, Rogers, Roscoe, Walsh, Ellwood, Pierpont, Mrs. Adams, Countess Ossoli, Emily Taylor, Sommer, Franconius, Preussis, Rhys, Wallace, Ruarus, Lillewelyn, &c. &c.

PHILOSOPHERS:—Newton, Locke, Priestley, Tennant, Bentham, Franklin, Hartley, Herepath, Sir J. E. Smith, Moscorovius, Templeton, Percival, Harland, &c. &c.

ELOQUENT PREACHERS:—Professor Cheneviere, A. Coquerel, père, Dr. Channing, W. J. Fox, Theodore Parker, Dr. James Foster, Dr. Montgomery, T. Starr King, George Harris, J. Fawcett, &c. &c.

FOUNDERS OF BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS:—Thomas Firmin, Dr. Cogan, Dr. Tuckerman, Dr. Worcester, Thos. Lindsey, John Pounds, J. Russell, Christopher Rawdon, Miss Fargeter, &c. &c.

DIVINES:—Dr. Lindsay, Dr. Carpenter, Dr. Disney, Dr. Taylor, Dr. Drummond, Dr. Benson, Dr. Barnes, Dr. Toulmin, Dr. Leland, Professor J. J. Taylor, Professor Ware, Hugh Worthington, &c. &c.

BIBLE TRANSLATORS AND COMMENTATORS:—T. Belsham, E. Taylor, Professor Noyes, Dr. Harwood, G. Wakefield, C. Wellbeloved, Dr. Chandler, J. Pierce, A. Norton, Timothy Kenrick, N. Scarlett, T. Crellius, V. Smallcius, S. Courcelles, R. Goadby, &c. &c.

EMINENT LADIES:—Catherine Vogel, Miss Sedgewick, Helen M. Williams, Mrs. Gaskell, Mary Ware, Lucy Aikin, Mary Hughes, Lady Byron, Mrs. Cappe, &c.

EMINENT CONVERTS TO UNITARIANISM:—Bishop Law and Bishop Clayton, Dr. Watts, Dr. Whitby, Dr. S. Clarke, Dr. Jortin, Blanco White, J. Fyshe Palmer, Edmund Evanson, W. Friend, &c. **STATESMEN, JUDGES, LAWYERS, POLITICIANS**:—President Adams, Duke of Grafton, Lord Falkland, Lord Plunkett, Baron Maseres, Judge Talfour, Judge Story, Judge Parsons, Major Cartwright, E. W. Field, Henry Wheaton, William Smith, Sir Geo. Saville, &c. &c.

CELEBRATED PHYSICIANS:—Macovius, Boerhaave, Servetus, Drennan, Pringle, Thomson, Boscock, Spencer, Pett, Holme, Crusius, Blandrata, Hoberden, Singinius, Shepherd, Avery, Carmichael, &c. &c.

EMINENT MATHEMATICIANS:—Professor De Morgan, Gilbert Clerke, William Whiston, John Wolzogenius, Dr. Richard Price, &c. &c.

REPUTED UNITARIANS:—Archbishop Newcome, Bishop Hoadly, Dean Sykes, Chillingworth, Porson, Law, Penn, Hales of Eton, Bonnet, Sismond, &c.

UNIVERSALISTS:—Sir Harry Vane, Winchester Riley, Vidler, Murray, Ballou, The Careys, Southwood Smith, Zschokke, Zollkofer, &c. &c.; with some account of the Patristic believers in the final holiness and happiness of all mankind—Origen, Gregory Nyssen, Titus of Bostra, Clemens Alexandrinus, &c.

Some account will be given of **DISTINGUISHED LIVING AUTHORS**, poets, divines, translators, philosophers, preachers, and philanthropic workers, who are Unitarians. Also the state of the Unitarian cause at the present time in different countries will be clearly indicated; with the reasons assigned for the adoption of different denominational names by Unitarian Christians in Europe and America. This "RECORD" would be incomplete without a summary of the evidence that the Primitive Christian Church was Unitarian; with this summary will be combined a few memoirs of those who, like Arius, Ulphilas, and others, endeavoured to stem back the current of error and corruption which ultimately swept through the entire Church.

73, Angell-road, Brixton, London.

R. SPEARS.

SOME NAMES OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES.

Abauzit, Firmin
 Abbot, Abiel
 Abernethy, Dr.
 Abrahami, M. S.
 Abrahamz, Galen
 Adams, President
 Adams, J. Quincy
 Adams, Mrs. Sarah Flower
 Acton, H.
 Acontius, J.
 Aikins, The
 Alciati, J. P.
 Allyn, J.
 Amory, Thomas
 Andrew, Governor J. A.
 Arcissevius, Admiral
 Armstrong, Dr. J.
 Armstrong, G.
 Assheton, J.
 Asplands, R. and R. B.
 Aubrey, R.
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CHRISTMAS.

CHRISTMAS, or *Christ-mass*, as its name indicates, had its origin in the early history of the idolatrous Roman apostasy. As an institution it is supposed to have been founded by Pope Telesphorus, who died A. D. 138.

It is recorded that three times the Roman Church discovered infallibly the date of our Saviour's birth, and each time fixed it on a different day. Finally, in the fourth century, the question was again disturbed, and at the urgent entreaty of St. Cyril of Jerusalem, Pope Julius I. issued an order for another investigation concerning the day of Christ's nativity. At last, after due discussion and inquiry directed by *infallible wisdom*, this migratory anniversary rested at the midnight hour of the twenty-fifth of December. The chief grounds for this decision were the tables of the censors in the archives of Rome; a testimony which, strangely enough, was considered as inadequate then as now by the fathers themselves. Yet since that time the twenty-fifth of December has ruled by the "divine right" of Popes, and has been crowned throughout all Christendom as a very monarch of days, reigning alike in the heart of the Church and the world.

Fifteen centuries ago the Roman peasants flocked into Rome to celebrate Christmas morning, and still the Swabian minstrels come down from the mountains around Rome and Naples to sing carols at the shrines of the Virgin, and hear the three masses said, at midnight, dawn, and morning.

Only a little later the early Germans decorated their Christmas trees of yew, just as we do now; and bedizened a merry peasant with fur and finery, and loaded him with toys, a living, human Christmas tree.

The twining of the holly and the oak at Christmas marks the blending of this festival with the Pagan legends of the Druids, when the barbarous but noble old Briton kept the first Yuletides on the soil of Britain; and the Yule-log was burned and the wassail-bowl went round among our Anglo-Saxon ancestors before the Norman Conquest.

Century after century Christmas changes a little with time and place, but never loses its character of hearty human sympathy, as a leveller of worldly distinctions, an ex-

hortation to all human charity, and a gospel of peace and love.

From the time when Pope Julius I. fixed the date of the world's redemption, to the time when Pius IX., a bowed old man, bore out upon his shoulders from the Vatican for ever the ark of the "mother Church," from the time of the Norman Conquest to the fall of Napoleon III., Christmas bells have been rung, and Christmas carols have been sung, and Christmas greetings have gone down the centuries and around the world.

In vain our wise men tell us that CHRISTMAS is a myth, the merest ghost of a legend; still we point to Christmas printed in capital letters in every Almanac, and like the words ANNO DOMINI placed before the date on the title-page of an infidel book, we refute them without an argument, and triumph over them with our *Merry Christmas*.

We sit down conscientiously to teach our children that as a Christian festival it is but adding unto sacred things an old idol bearing the mark of the Beast, an idol still preserved amid the *debris* of institutions that fell with the shock of the Reformation, and then go on decorating Christmas-trees and giving Christmas gifts, and roasting turkeys. And when the happy toil and laborious mirth is all over, these same little ones find us in our own cozy rooms, buried in a great arm chair, with out feet on the fender, tranquilly digesting our Christmas dinner, and reading—Dickens' Christmas story. As we follow the fortunes of little Dot or Polly, we think what a beautiful thing Christmas is, and have no idea of being inconsistent. Of course not—we are never inconsistent. But Christmas is the very heart and soul of those exquisite sermons on the text of humanity—those sermons which rise so high above worldly philosophy that they just touch the horizon of Divine Truth; and for an hour, like all the rest of the world, we forget that Dickens is—yes is—an apostle of humanity and not a disciple of Christ—at best but a sweet alien voice crying in the wilderness of selfishness and sin, to make the path more straight for the second coming of the Lord.

Once more and for ever, a merry Christmas to you all; and may the happiness you feel not a little depend on the happiness you have made. Amen.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

A UNITARIAN NICODEMUS.—The *Christian Register* says of the eminent statesman Secretary Seward, "He was always an Episcopalian, but he was at least as broad a Churchman as Dean Stanley. After hearing Samuel J. May's statement of Unitarian views, Mr. Seward said: 'My opinions are substantially like yours, but if you report that I am a Unitarian I will deny it in the papers, for I expect to stay in the Episcopal Church.'" What would this distinguished man have thought of anyone who substantially agreed with him on the republican form of government, and then declared this must not be published, or he would deny the whole matter?

HELPFUL POETRY.—A book of Sacred Songs, by Thomas Lynch, has many pieces whose sentiment and beauty are more remarkable than their expression. Here are two verses:—

"If Littlemore makes haste to bless
His troubled neighbour Littleless,
And poor men to the poorer give,
Weak ones the weaker help to live,
The sad those sadder still console;
Then God is working in the soul.

"If the grown man forgets his bread
That little mouths may first be fed;
And patient women serve the men
Who care for them but now and then,
And love keeps warm without a fire;
Oh, then, the grace of God admire!

THE IMPORTANCE ATTACHED TO ORTHODOXY.—It is high time our neighbours should stop sneering at Unitarianism as "Religion made easy." In a work edited by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon we find the following:—"He that believeth shall be saved, let his sins be ever so great; and he that believeth not shall be damned, let his sins be ever so little." And even Mr. Beecher once said:—"This is our danger: not that we shall be sinful, not that we shall be imperfect, not that we shall be vain, not that we shall be foolish, not that we shall be corrupt in our imaginations, but that we shall not believe in Christ. Our salvation is not half so much imperilled by wickedness as by unbelief."

CLEAVING FAST TO THE DEVIL.—A writer in an orthodox paper says:—"Are we growing half ashamed of the devil of our orthodox theology? We need him as much as ever. That is, we need to believe in him as vitally. The doctrine of the devil is a most beneficent revelation. We cannot afford to dispense with it. It is very blessed. I feel about it as the orthodox lady did about the doctrine of total depravity. They were trying to cheat it away from her, but she clung to it as for life, and said: 'Why, take away my total depravity and you take away my religion!' I am not going to give the devil up. His trick of non-existence—his universal *alibi*—will not answer. It is very adroit; but we are not ignorant of his devices." This is very unlike the answer of one of our people, who was asked his opinion by a Churchman about the devil. "I have done what you at your baptism promised to do—renounce the devil and all his works."

A HINT TO ALL PROTESTANTS.—The articles of faith of which the creeds of the Protestant sects consist may be divided into two classes: first, those which can be stated in the words of Scripture, and, second, those which cannot. Let this second class—and certainly it is a second class in more senses than one—be stricken out, and the chief obstacle to the union of the Protestants will be removed. If "the Bible and the Bible alone is the religion of Protestants," why should Protestant churches need any articles of faith except those which can be stated in the words of the Bible?

SIGNIFICANT.—On a recent Sabbath morning a stranger visited one of our fashionably built churches for the purpose of worship, and on asking the sexton for a seat, he replied—forgetting St. Paul's instructions, "he ye courteous"—"we have plenty of seats to let, sir!" The sexton, however, notwithstanding his curt answer, condescended to show the stranger to a seat. At the close of the services the gentleman inquired for the treasurer of the society, and ascertaining the price of a seat for one year, he quietly handed him the amount, with the request that the seat might be "reserved for strangers!"

GOOD OLD COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.—We recently gave an account of that eminent philosopher, Professor Hutcheson. Since then we have found in Stuart's "Historical Memoirs of Armagh" a curious account of his first reception at home as a preacher. After his six years of study at Glasgow he came to stay with his father at Armagh, and was deputed to preach for him one Sunday. At the conclusion of the service the old gentleman, who had stayed at home, set out to learn the opinion which his congregation had formed of his son. How was he astonished and chagrined when he met almost the whole of his flock coming from the meeting-house, with strong marks of disappointment and disgust visible in their countenances? One of the elders, a native of Scotland, addressed the surprised and deeply mortified father thus:—"We a' feel muckle wae for your mishap, reverend sir, but it canna be concealed. Your silly loon, Frank, has fashed a' the congregation wi' his idle cackle; for he has been bobbling for this hour about a gude and benevolent God, and that the sauls of the heathens themselfs will gang to heaven, if they follow the light a' their ain consciences. Not a word does the daft boy ken, speer, or say about the gude auld comfortable doctrines of election, reprobation, original sin, and faith. Hoot mon, awa' wi' sic a fellow."

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